

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 271. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1849.

PRICE 1½d.

METAPHYSICS OF PARTY.

In all states where the popular voice is heard, there is a diversification of the people into parties. It seems to be an unavoidable consequence of deliberation on their part that a diversity of view arises, under which they commence pulling different ways. It usually depends on external circumstances which of the two sets gives the actual direction to affairs. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the entire population is divided into parties. It is only in extraordinary circumstances that even an approach is made to an involvement of the whole people in controversial politics. The actual partisans are usually but a handful on each side, while the great mass remains in the centre with a comparatively dull sense of what is going on, and little disposition to interfere, although liable to be to some extent affected towards one view or the other, according as arguments are successfully addressed to them, or circumstances arise to enforce their attention to public questions, to excite their prejudices, and to awaken their hopes and fears. It is this torpor of the mass which forms the great difficulty in democratic arrangements. In tranquil times they would rather not use their votes. In times of excitement, the use to be made of these votes depends almost entirely on the dexterity with which popular prejudices are addressed by unscrupulous members of the thinking handful; whence of course disappointments, despair of progress, patriotic heartbreak, and many consequent evils.

In that intelligent and active portion of a people which becomes inspired with party feelings, it is curious to study the various causes which determine particular predilections. What may be called the natural bases of partisanship are readily traceable. Some minds are from the cradle venerative of authority, and through life continue ready to submit to it, and to exert themselves for its support. Others are congenitally jealous of power, indisposed to yield to it, and eager to keep it in check. Here are the two great sources of loyalty and Jacobinism. Some minds look with a romantic tenderness on what is old; they love to wander back into the past, and regret whatever tends to produce a change in the ancient landmarks. Others, again, are all for the romance of the future. Change is to them a continual subject of hope. The present does not satisfy them; the past they despise. Here are the two great natural sources of conservative and reforming politics. Some minds, again, are intolerant of whatever is not clearly useful, expedient, and economical. Others regard such matters with indifference or with contempt. The former have a satisfaction in viewing the means of promoting the benefit of the community. The philanthropy of the latter never gets beyond the particular case of some friend, or dependent, or any individual

casually brought under their attention. Here, it is equally evident, are the natural origins of the politico-economical reformer and his opposite. Now though there are three sets of characters brought here into contrast, they are all in general resolved into one set of persons. Jealousy of power, hopefulness of change, and love of the economical, are attributes usually found in one person, as the opposites also are, though perhaps not all found at the same time, as it is not always that there is occasion for the development of the whole set of feelings at once.

There are, however, secondary and modifying circumstances. Where the natural tendencies are not of a very resolute character, they will be much affected and biassed by parental authority and example, and the force of external circumstances generally. They will also, even in pretty strong cases, undergo a change in the course of advancing years. Thus he who begins with romantic feelings in favour of authority and antiquity, is often seen, as he grows soberer, and acquires more solid, as well as more extensive views, to pass wholly or partially into the opposite range of politics. He who began with ardent hopes of improvement from change, is often, in like manner, disenchanted in his middle or elderly life, and becomes fain to own that things which he once thought wrong may have an intermediate bastard utility not altogether to be despised, while as yet society is composed of a mixture of the civilised and savage. Then there is a set whose general determination is apt to be affected by whims, crochets, or views of interest. Thus we sometimes see a neighbour range himself on the conservative side, not exactly because he primarily tends that way, but because the opposite system has awakened some antipathy in his nature. Popular causes, though often invested with a certain sublimity, are more generally liable to vulgar associations. The cant, the clangour, the dust and sweat attending them, are repulsive to a fastidious nature; while, on the other hand, the select few ranged in opposition appear gentlemanly, gallant, almost martyr-like. In this way many fine spirits are lost to great movements, both in politics and religion. A mind, too, which is in the main of liberal inclinations, may betake itself to the opposite banners because of something in its own position which brings it painfully into collision with authority. An arrogant father or master will sometimes send one of nature's conservatives to the camp of the enemy. A proud spirit, chafing in an unworthy situation, looked down upon by reputedly superior classes, while conscious of that within which ought to annul all social distinctions, will often take the rebellious side in despite of the first intention of nature.

Among this class of causes there is obviously none more powerful than the selfish feelings. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that men are to any great

extent bought by actual money or by prospects of advancement. The chances on both sides are much alike in these respects. Purchased partisanship was a feature of grosser ages, but scarcely of ours. People are now more liable to be gained or lost through their self-love and love of approbation. A man thinks he is of some value: if courted to the extent of his sense of this value, he will perhaps give his support; if neglected, he will be apt, out of pique, to go to the other side. A very small matter in the way of courtesy will often not merely obtain a vote, but determine a career of some importance to the public. It is not that there is a want of conscientiousness in such minds. They are merely irresolute in the midst of contending arguments, and liable to be taken to that side which shall place them on the most agreeable footing with themselves. Once let any petty circumstance decide the way which they are to take, and the personal feeling, 'This is my side,' will keep them as upon a line of rails through life, or till something equally petty shall occur to disgust them with their party.

All of these causes may be said to be alike natural, though all cannot be considered as alike respectable. Where one's line of politics is determined by innate tendencies of the mind, apart from all selfish considerations, the whole range of action which results, as far as bounded by rules of honour, is entitled to public respect. It is all that we have of the nature of a Divine voice speaking in the breasts of men. Therefore, no matter how inconvenient the dictates of this voice may appear, no matter to what consequences it may threaten to lead, it must be respectfully listened to and intreated. To call the ultra-loyal by any such appellation as Malignants, or the ultra-liberal by such a term as Destructives, is not to be approved of by those who are out of the heat of the strife. Let there be as much activity of counteraction by argument as possible; seek by all means to establish the supremacy of what you believe to be better doctrines—but spare the fellow-creature who acts under the resistless necessity of his own lights, believing him to be, in intention, as good as yourself.

When we come to consider the secondary or modifying circumstances, we feel of course more at liberty to assign degrees of merit and demerit. The mind which has been affected by educational influence, or yielded to the authority of others, even though these may have been persons generally entitled to reverence, cannot be considered as quite on the same moral platform with one which obeys great primitive impulses inherent in itself. Those who have changed their views with advancing years, alike true to the natural voice at the one time as the other, ought of course to be carefully distinguished from common renegades. The victims of crotchet and of petty feelings of self-love may be pitied, but we can never esteem them. They ought to have reflected on the great interests at stake, and not allowed themselves to be swayed by trivial considerations as to themselves. It is of importance to pass rigid judgment on such persons, because they often have from the rest of their character a high claim to respect. They may have, for instance, great talents. Common thinkers argue that because this is an able man, his word ought to go a great way. It is important to see that, while this would be true of an able man whose mind was clear to form sound conclusions, it is not true of one who has allowed himself to be carried out of his proper track by some romantic whimsey, some disgust at a successful rival, or some pique arising from his finding that his own estimate of himself was not admitted by the party to which he first seemed inclined to attach himself. It is one of the most distressing things in the world of politics to see a man who, from some such frivolous cause, has thrown himself into a false position. His energy and eloquence are hampered at every turn by his own secret convictions. He has to act, with affected cordiality, with those whom in his heart he despises. Should he have given himself to a failing cause, as very often happens, he is doomed to see his best talents

expended in vain, to feel himself growing old without having accomplished anything, while inferior but better-directed men are reaping their due harvest of both profit and honour. These are amongst the moral suicides of the able men of the world. How powerfully do they warn us that we are not to be guided in any of the greater affairs of life by the selfishhood, but by its opposite—a generous view of what is good for all!

It is difficult, or rather impossible, for some natures to maintain coolness in times of violent political excitement; but to many it may not be altogether useless to remind them that the most earnestly-cherished dogmas are liable to be followed by great disappointment. The French revolutionist sees his high aspirations for a rule by and for the people lead resistlessly to a despotism. The panic-struck conservative sees nothing follow from the changes which he vainly resisted, but a ridiculous falsification of his fears. If men would reflect how often the result has been different from that contemplated on either side, there would be on the one hand a soberer hope and a less intolerant feeling towards all thwarting influences, on the other a more cheerful trust in the course of Providence, even under what appear the most trying crises. Few politicians of any shade seem sufficiently aware of the character of that great central mass which has been already described as non-political. There, in reality, resides that which defeats alike the hopes of democratic and the fears of oligarchical parties. It is a mass which refuses to be democratised. It minds its own affairs, content with whatever rule may be over it, unless it be one which makes itself painfully felt indeed. Go beyond the capacity of change inherent in this mass, and you must come back again to where you were. Give it true cause of discontent, and it becomes an element of great danger, though one which cannot long remain in such an attitude. The great secret of successful rule is never to offend irremediably this true *squadron volante* of parties, never to resist it beyond a certain point, and never to lose faith in it as a mass which can only be temporarily thrown out of its proper condition, as that which gives at once momentum and stability to the entire machine.

THE CORNER HOUSE.

A SUBURBAN SKETCH.

BURNHAM TERRACE has always enjoyed a reputation for gentility. It consists of ten houses, each let for the respectable sum of a hundred a year; and its lady inhabitants, of whom I am one, rather take a pride in seeing that everything is kept in high order about the place. No encouragement, for example, is given to peripatetic vendors who bawl out the names of their articles; the slip of enclosed ground in front common to all the dwellers, is as neat as a hired gardener can make it; and the door-steps are hearthstoned freshly every morning. All things have gone right with Burnham Terrace except No. 10, the house at the northern corner. That corner house was for years an annoyance and a mystery.

No. 10 was the property of a lady called Miss Delany, and so was No. 8 and No. 9—a large mass of building worth three hundred a year; and at least as regards my house, No. 8, and that of Mrs Smith, No. 9, well-paid money. What kind of person the proprietrix was we had no means of forming a correct judgment. We never saw her, though we heard that she lived in some obscure out-of-the-way place in a most penurious, and, for a woman with three hundred a year, a very eccentric way. Her strange method of living was considered the less proper, on account of her having a brother a judge. The only shade of excuse ever offered for Miss Delany was, that No. 10 had on several occasions stood for a short time empty. It had so frequently changed inhabitants, that there seemed to be something unlucky about it; and yet it was as good a house as any in the row. This changeableness was not liked by the residents in the row generally. People take a

grudge against a house which occasionally stands empty, and has not its windows and doorway cleaned regularly.

One morning, after cook had received my orders for the day, she paused as if she had something to communicate; and to my 'Well, Sally, what is it?' replied, 'Oh, ma'am, what do you think? A lady has come to live in No. 10! Her furniture came last night in a donkey-cart; and the milkman called with his milk this morning.'

'Furniture in a donkey-cart! Sally, you must be dreaming.'

'Not at all: No. 7's servant told me all about it. She saw a deal-table and a bed brought to the door; and the lady was there to take them in.'

'And who is the lady?'

'I hear it is Miss Delany herself, the landlady. But surely it cannot be her, as it would be so strange!'

Strange indeed, and not less strange than true. The intelligence spread, as if by electric telegraph, through all the houses in the terrace; and their organs of wonder were excited to a surprising degree. Several ladies suddenly bethought themselves of going to view the corner house; 'they had friends who were looking out for a residence of that kind in the suburbs.' Mrs Smith, my next-door neighbour, as much interested as the others, persuaded me to call at No. 10, just as we were passing for a morning walk; 'not from curiosity,' said she, 'but merely because I have friends, the Petworths, who are looking out.'

Mrs Smith's loud triple knock reverberated through the desolate mansion; and the door was opened by a young fair-haired girl, who preceded us through the house. She was a pretty modest creature, of about fourteen years of age, plainly dressed, but scrupulously clean. After we had mounted to the attics, and descended again, having visited every apartment except the dining-room, which opened from the hall, the little girl hesitated as we approached that room, and slightly colouring, asked if we desired to view that also? 'Yes, certainly we do,' peremptorily exclaimed Mrs Smith: 'it is of the first consequence,' winking to me, as much as to say, 'Now we shall at last hunt out this shadow, and see if Miss Delany is flesh and blood.'

I must do myself the justice to say that I hesitated; but with the view of neutralising any abruptness Miss Smith might be guilty of, I followed her into a large front room—the dining-room of the house. There was a small bright fire in the grate, a strip of carpet placed where a rug usually is, and a wooden table and two chairs before it. A stump bedstead occupied one corner of the apartment, and nothing else was visible; for no doubt other necessities were stowed away in the spacious closets on each side of the fireplace. Perfectly well-ordered and exquisitely clean were the simple arrangements, giving even a habitable appearance to that dingy bare apartment. The wooden table was covered with books and needle-work, and a female rose from beside it as we entered. She was a small, pale, middle-aged woman, clad in coarse stuff habiliments, her placid face surrounded by the close crimped border of a primitive Quaker cap; but it was one to arrest attention, from its peculiar sweetness of expression; while *lady*, in the best and truest acceptance of that often misused term, was stamped on this individual in unmistakable characters.

'Have I the pleasure of addressing my landlady, Miss Delany?' said Mrs Smith advancing.

'I am Miss Delany,' quietly answered the little lady; 'and I presume that I am addressing one of the two ladies who have tenanted my two houses, Nos. 8 and 9, for many years?'

'You are perfectly right, Miss Delany,' rejoined Mrs Smith. 'I occupy No. 9, and I am glad to have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with my landlady personally. Your little attendant has shown us over the house, which I wished to see on account of some friends of mine.'

Miss Delany kept her eyes steadily fixed on Mrs Smith, which somewhat disconcerted that voluble lady, during the latter part of this speech, and her voice sank in faint accents ere she concluded.

'This child is not my attendant, madam,' said Miss Delany, 'but my niece and companion; and it is fortunate for me that the ladies of Burnham Terrace have so many friends looking out for houses just now. I hope, amongst them, I may succeed in letting this: it has hitherto been unlucky; as they say corner houses often are,' added the speaker smilingly.

'I am sure, Miss Delany, I shall be happy to do all in my power to forward your letting it,' said Mrs Smith, 'if it were only on account of the high respect I bear for the public character of your brother the judge.'

I observed a singular expression flit over the listener's pallid countenance, but it was too transient to be studied by the mere looker-on; and Mrs Smith continued, 'But I hope you do not think of remaining here during the winter in this uncomfortable manner?' looking round as she spoke.

'We are not uncomfortable, madam,' was the quiet answer; 'and it is my intention to occupy my dwelling until I succeed in meeting with an eligible tenant.'

'Well, Miss Delany, if such is *really* your intention,' rejoined the hospitable Mrs Smith, 'I hope you will drop in and take a cup of tea in a friendly way at my house very often. I am sure we shall all be happy to add to the comforts of a lady like you, particularly for the sake of the learned judge, your excellent brother; and I hope this dear girl will come too. And what is your name, my child?' said Mrs Smith, meaning to be winning and familiar, as she turned towards the blushing niece.

'I am called Lily, ma'am,' answered the young girl, hanging down her lovely head.

'Lily! dear me, what an odd name!'

'Lilian Traher is my niece's name, madam,' interrupted Miss Delany gently. 'Those who love her have given her the pet one of Lily. Do you think this house likely to suit your friends, madam?' she added suddenly, causing Mrs Smith to start slightly. 'Perhaps you will let me know: it is of great moment to me, as my subsistence and that of this child entirely depends on its proceeds.'

'Oh, Miss Delany,' broke in Mrs Smith, determined now or never to penetrate this mystery, 'have you not a good clear £200 a year from Nos. 8 and 9 that we know of? I am sure your rent is paid to the day: allow me to remark it is *very* peculiar—to say nothing more—your mode of living here—a lady like you, with a judge so distinguished for your brother: pray allow me to remonstrate.'

Miss Delany glided towards the room door, and held it open in her hand, as she mildly said, 'My morning hours, ladies, are valuable, being devoted to instructing my niece; therefore, will you permit me to plead my engagements, and not think me uncourteous for saying good-morning?'

We found ourselves on the terrace, gazing at each other, quite amazed at our easy dismissal, and ejaculating that it was strange—'passing strange.'

'If she is a miser,' quoth I, 'she is the sweetest and kindest-looking one I ever imagined. I examined some of the books on the table when you were speaking, and their studies are apparently not those of crooked or illiberal minds: and that sweet young girl, too, how lovingly she watches her little aunt,' pursued I half to myself: 'no selfish, miserly being could have won her guileless affection. No, no; I can put two and two together as well as most people, Mrs Smith; and though there is a mystery here, it is nothing discreditable to Miss Delany, I am certain. She is perfectly a lady; and it is melancholy to see her thus—for so often as that unlucky house has been empty, what straits she must have been put to—for you know she plainly told us that she depended on the rent of it for daily bread.'

'Well, miss, all may be as you say,' said Mrs Smith. 'You are always on the charitable side: but I cannot

make it out: living in an empty house to save a few shillings a week for a lodging!

'A few shillings must be a great object to her,' answered I, 'when she has so little, and that little so uncertain: we must try all we can and be kind to her, poor thing!' But proffered civilities and attentions on the part of her neighbours were gratefully but decidedly declined by Miss Delany for herself. There was a large family of children in No. 7, and they had made acquaintance somehow with Lily, according to the freemasonry inherent in the young among themselves; and at the merry Christmas tide, so beseeching were their intreaties that she might be permitted to join their circle, it was not in human nature to refuse, much less in Miss Delany's. Then on Twelfth Night, all the little people assembled at my house, and I pleaded successfully for my favourite Lily, and she came too. Delicacy prevented my questioning the artless girl relative to her aunt, their mode of life, or any other information I might gain. But Mrs Smith's curiosity overcame such feelings, and she examined my pretty guest in a manner I quite disapproved of, though without elucidating aught that tended to throw light on the matter. Lily said that she had resided with Aunt Marjory for four years; in the same lodging for half that period at the Potter's cottage; and elsewhere in a secluded farmhouse. She had many brothers and sisters 'far far away,' she admitted, with tears standing in her large blue eyes—a father and mother too. She had never seen Uncle Delany, but she knew him by name very well; and she was—'Oh! so happy, and loved dear Aunt Marjory, oh! so much!'

Now all this amounted to 'nothing,' said the vexed questioner; 'And it does not tell us what Miss Delany does with her money. Are your papa and mamma rich, my dear?' said the persevering lady to Lily.

'Rich, ma'am; what is being rich?' simply demanded the little girl in reply.

'Why, keeping a carriage, and servants, and living in a large house to be sure, you stupid little soul!' exclaimed Mrs Smith laughing.

'Then, ma'am,' said Lily, 'father and mother are not rich, for they live in a small thatched cottage; but there are beautiful roses and eggplant round the old porch, and they only keep a wheelbarrow, and are their own servants.'

'O—h!' exclaimed Mrs Smith. This was a complete sedative; and presently she whispered to me that Miss Delany's relatives were low people, notwithstanding she had a judge for her brother.

The first days of spring came, and still was the ticket to be seen at the corner house, and the friends of the Burnham Terrace ladies, it seemed, were difficult to please. I ventured occasionally to look in, for the ostensible purpose of leaving flowers and fruit, the products of my garden, for little Lilian; and Miss Delany seemed pleased and grateful, yet cold and distant in her bearing, on any attempts being made at further intimacy.

There were two factions in the row; one for, the other against, Miss Delany: the latter, and it must be confessed, the largest and most influential, reviled her as a mean creature, or a mad woman. 'She must have done something,' said they, 'to disgrace herself, or the judge would not cast her off: it is a shame of her to keep that beautiful girl in the miserable manner she does. No wonder the house will not let; she alone is enough to give it a name for ill-luck!'

Miss Delany's friends, and they were few, spoke of her blameless life, resignation, and patience in the midst of privation and poverty; to say nothing of her devotion to the niece, who would reflect credit on any teacher. These friends also threw out hints that although Judge Delany's character and talents in his public capacity were so fully admitted, in private life he was not remarkable for amiability or benevolence.

Such a discussion as this was one evening going forward at a neighbour's house when I was present, when an elderly gentleman of the name of Colville, who had

that evening arrived on a visit to our host, for the real purpose of house-hunting on behalf of a son about to marry and 'settle in life,' hearing the name of Delany repeatedly mentioned, asked if we were speaking of Judge Delany; and when an affirmative was given—a slight sketch also being thrown in relative to the occupant of No. 10—Mr Colville became interested in the conversation; and, to our amazement, on a non-admirer speaking disparagingly of the lady, he warmly advocated her cause.

'I happen,' said he, 'to know all about Marjory Delany and her affairs, and I tell you that she reflects credit on her sex.'

'Oh do tell us all about her!' eagerly exclaimed many voices, as a crowd gathered round the stranger. But the pleasant old gentleman smiled, rubbed his shining bald head, and only adding that it was not 'convenient' to say more just then, left us all with curiosity more excited and tantalised than ever. However, he managed to ask me privately every particular I knew concerning Miss Delany; and next day he went alone to No. 10; the ticket was taken down; the house was let to Mr Colville's son.

Miss Delany and Lilian disappeared as quietly and expeditiously as they came; and in due course of time Mr Peter Colville and his bride arrived to take possession. When the young couple settled down into the jog-trot routine of respectable married life, old Mr and Mrs Colville came to visit them for a few weeks; and then were tea-junketings and whist parties every evening at one or other of the neighbours' houses; and to return all this hospitality, young Mr and Mrs Colville gave an entertainment on quite a grand scale. We were collected round the supper-table, pleasant jokes passing, when some one alluded to the corner house, trusting the ill-luck had flown away, and the bride's presence turned the scale in its favour.

'Nay,' broke in old Mr Colville, 'if that were needed, it has been already done—purified—exorcised,' he continued, laughing heartily at his own conceit, 'from all evil influences.'

'How so?' we exclaimed.

'By the presence of Marjory Delany,' said he gravely; 'one for whom I bear a higher respect than for any woman I know; saving and excepting you, my dear,' turning with a kind smile to his comfortable-looking wife, who nodded to him cheerily in return. 'Marjory is about to be your neighbour again,' Mr Colville went on to say, addressing the company generally, 'for she has taken Burnham Beech Cottage!'

'Dear me!' said Mrs Smith, 'how can she manage that on £100 a year, secure as it is now?'

'She has recovered her property, madam,' answered Mr Colville, 'after ten years' heroic endurance of privation and want. Yes, actual want, for the sake of others too.'

'Oh, do tell us her history, and why the judge disowns her!' cried many voices.

'I am not at liberty to enter into all the details,' said the old gentleman, 'but, for the sake of suffering innocence, thus much I will unfold:—Sixteen years ago, Marjory Delany's only sister, whom she tenderly loved, made an imprudent marriage, against the express advice and wishes of her brother, her natural guardian. The individual she united herself to was in a mercantile house; but within six years after his marriage with Marjory Delany's sister, he forfeited his situation through misconduct; and had it not been for the faithful affectionate sister, the unhappy man's ruin and that of his family would have been complete. She alone came forward to assist these perishing creatures; for Judge Delany not only was implacable towards them, but extended the same baneful feelings to her, on her refusal to disown the sister so fearfully punished for her imprudence through a husband's misdeeds. Silently she has borne reviling and contumely cast upon her by a harshly-judging world. But let it be a lesson to you all, my friends, for the future, never to prejudge others,

but to learn both sides of a question fairly ere you form an opinion.'

'But, my dear sir,' said Mrs Smith, 'I do not see why poor Miss Delany should have been so *very* liberal, even in a Christian point of view—giving *all* her income away to these relatives, and leaving herself only an uncertain pittance, besides maintaining her niece.'

'Madam,' replied Mr Colville, 'all Miss Delany possessed in the world of her own were the three houses on this terrace left her by an uncle; her sister was penniless, and entirely dependent on her brother the judge. Ten years ago, Marjory Delany became bound to pay £200 a year for a term of fourteen years, interest included, for her brother-in-law Mr Traher. The two houses in the terrace, Nos. 8 and 9, were therefore not at her disposal during that term; but not only did she sacrifice the income derived from them, but out of the scanty pittance reserved for herself she assisted her relatives, and, as you have seen, supported and educated one of the children. She has just been fortunate enough to obtain a release from her debt, which otherwise would have burdened her for the next four years.'

'God grant this excellent lady may long continue to enjoy her £300 a year, nor ever want good tenants for her houses!' said I. 'But is Mr Traher unclaimed, and does he eat the bread of idleness while this lone woman is making such noble sacrifices?'

'No, madam; I am happy to say he does not: he has seen the error of his ways, and labours even with his hands to aid in supporting his family. But be sure a good portion of Marjory's income, restored as it now is, will find its way to the poor outcasts, for she is a capital economist.'

In process of time Mrs Peter Colville and myself became extremely cordial, and she related to me some further particulars respecting Miss Delany, which her father-in-law had omitted—worthy, benevolent man, not liking to speak of his own good deeds. He had been a partner in the mercantile house where Mr Traher was employed; and when it was discovered that this young man had defrauded them to the amount of some thousands, Mr Scrape, the senior partner, determined that the law should take its course; and transportation, perhaps worse, seemed inevitable. Fortunate it was that the matter *could* be hushed up; and the prayers and intreaties of Marjory Delany prevailed, and softened even the obdurate heart of Mr Scrape. She became bound, as already told, securing the property to the firm until the debt was liquidated. Often had the worthy Mr Colville wished to lessen this burden, but his wishes were overruled; and it was only on Mr Scrape's retirement, and the introduction of Mr Peter as junior partner, that his father found himself at liberty to indulge the dictates of his heart. His visit to our neighbourhood decided the point at once; and if he had been interested in Miss Delany and her affairs before, he became doubly so now. The debt was immediately cancelled—the corner house taken; and I may here as well remark, it has been the luckiest house in the row ever since—a lovely family, prosperity and happiness, having entirely dispelled the dark shadows haunting it heretofore.

About two years after Miss Delany had been settled at Burnham Beech Cottage, another fair niece being added to her circle, one of the sweet Lily's sisters, she learned the sudden decease of the judge; and gossip being rife respecting his affairs, it was soon known that he had left half his fortune to public institutions, but the other half to his sister Marjory; thus making her amends in death for his cruel conduct during life.

It were almost needless to add how gratefully Miss Delany disbursed the remainder of her bond to the firm of Colville and Son. Two of her nephews, the young Trahers, were received into its employment, and are thriving steady youths.

As to the dear Marjory herself, she goes on her way in quiet usefulness, though her two beautiful nieces attract so many visitors to Burnham Beech Cottage,

that her retirement is invaded oftener perhaps than she would choose. Her visits are restricted to the corner house, and Mr and Mrs Peter Colville are her most intimate and valued associates; for my part I hope the lesson we have all received at Burnham Terrace will be a warning not only to ourselves, but to many others, to suspend their judgments of their neighbours.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

THE recent experiments with regard to the submarine electric telegraph should be more generally known than they are, for they may be said to be the rudimentary efforts at realising one of the grandest conceptions of the age—a power of instantaneous communication to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The experiments, which took place on the channel at Dover, were attended by many gentlemen of science, desirous to witness the results. The arrangements and plan of operations were under the direction of Mr Walker, the superintendent of the electric telegraph on the South-Eastern Railway; and one of this company's steamers was commissioned to assist in carrying out the undertaking. The principal object of the experiments was not to carry a telegraphic wire across the Channel, but simply to prove, on a sufficiently great scale, the practicability of such a system of communication with the continent. To this end, there was placed on the deck of the steamer a sufficient length of prepared wire; it being considered that if the telegraphic intercourse proved to be perfect through that wire when submerged in the water, there existed no *a priori* reason for doubting that the same result would follow even though the wire were prolonged to the opposite coast. Unfortunately, the weather proved most unfavourable to the experiments as intended to have been performed by aid of the steamer. The wind rose in the night; and continuing to blow smartly on the morning of the day fixed, the swell became so great, that it was not thought possible to conduct the experiments on their original plan. The steamer was to have steamed out to sea for about two miles, 'paying out' the wire in her progress, and then to have been hove to, so as to give her passengers the opportunity, as she lay embosomed in the still waters, of a little conversation with the busy metropolis. The ruffled state of the sea set aside this project, since it was feared that the roll of the steamer would endanger the safety of the wire, and that telegraphic intercourse would have been in another way rendered impracticable, in consequence of the unsteadiness of the indicator-needles. The wire, however, was transferred from the steamer to a small boat, and by that means a length of upwards of two miles was submerged in the sea along the mouth of the harbour, and at the side of the pier. One extremity of this sunken coil was then put in metallic union with the wire, the end of which was in London, and the other extremity was connected to the electro-telegraphic converter placed on the deck of the steamer lying in the harbour. A sand galvanic battery of six dozen plates, weakly charged, in the usual manner, with dilute acid and water, was then placed in connection with the wire through which it was to send the mysterious agent of the telegraphic tongue, and all things were now ready to solve the problem of submarine intercommunication. It was about noon when all the arrangements were completed: the communication was then made; and instantly, in the far-distant London station, the clatter of the electric alarm informed the chairman of the company that the experiment was crowned with perfect success. Messages of congratulation were passed up and down with complete facility, the fact of more than two miles of the conveying medium being buried in

the depths of the sea, exercising not the least influence upon the freedom and rapidity of the conversation. A continued correspondence was then kept up between the steamer and the stations of London, Ashford, and Tunbridge, which was continued with perfect success at intervals for three or four hours, messages of various import being interchanged between the steamer and all those stations. The bells at the electric-telegraph offices at Tunbridge and London Bridge were vehemently rung by the operators on board the steamer; and the various signals and interlocutory manœuvres peculiar to the conversers on these instruments were gone through with as much ease by means of the submarine wire as with the ordinary wires disposed by the rail-side on land. The exact total length of the submerged wire was 3600 yards. Before dark—the experimental trials having been continued a sufficient time to demonstrate the success of the investigation—the submerged wire was wound up, and drawn in again, and was found not to have sustained the least injury, the assembly of scientific gentlemen separating with the conviction that, so far as these experiments went, the practicability of a telegraphic communication between England and France had been completely established.

Bearing in memory that water is a good conductor of electricity, and that consequently the perfect insulation of the telegraphic wires cannot be effected unless by surrounding them with some non-conducting material, it will be readily conceived that here must be the chief difficulty of submarine communication. In conveying the wires of the electric telegraph through tunnels, much practical inconvenience has arisen from the same cause, the damp continually carrying away a portion of the current from the wire into the earth. In addition to this annoyance, the sulphurous acid and steam rising from the locomotives produce a chemical action on the wires, which materially interferes with their usefulness. To meet these objections, various plans have been devised of more or less ingenuity: some have recommended covering the wires with woollen yarn, varnish, &c.; and it has been proposed to convey them in tubes of earthenware, perforated with four or five holes lengthways, according to the number of wires proposed to be employed. Mr Walker, of the railway in question, had the defects in existing wires presented to him constantly in a most disagreeable manner. Despatches from the continent being now almost entirely transmitted by electric telegraph to the morning papers, the messages became next to useless to the editors, unless passed up very quickly, and the wires in the tunnels were only too often in a very refractory condition. He accordingly put himself in communication with the manager of the gutta-percha manufactory at Streatham, and suggested to him the adoption of a metallic wire well coated with this singular substance. In a few days the wire was supplied, and patented; and shortly afterwards was put to a practical test in one of the tunnels with the most complete success. Subsequently it was introduced into the Shakespeare, Abbot's Cliff, and Martello tunnels; and at the present time all despatches to and from the metropolis are made by the instrumentality of this wire.

The defective insulation of the wires, against which this new wire has so successfully provided, has been the only serious practical difficulty in working the electric telegraph. It may be thought, however, that sufficient time has not yet been given to put the capabilities of the improvement to a proper test. Mr Walker says, 'I have had specimens of this wire buried in the earth in a damp place for more than a year. It is sound and good still. Specimens have been immersed in sea-water for three or four months, and are unaffected.' It has been suggested also, that perhaps, in process of time, the continued action of sea-water, with its combinations of the chlorides and iodides, may destroy the powers of this coating of vegetable substance for insulation; but much weight is not to be attached to the conjecture, since gutta-percha has exhibited, in all the investigations to

which it has been submitted, a marked indifference to the operation of the most powerful chemical reagents. Its insulating properties are indeed altogether peculiar, and far surpass those possessed by any other substance with which we are acquainted; and this, together with the facility with which it is manipulated and applied to the wire, renders it in all respects a most valuable application for the purposes of electric intercourse. Professor Faraday has instituted an important series of experiments upon this substance, and these have shown that insulation effected by its means is one of the most perfect known to philosophy.

Mr Walker proposes the following as the plan he would suggest for uniting England with France by the electric cord. Between each port—say Dover and Calais, or Folkestone and Boulogne—he would lay down two or three wires. These wires would be run out in different tracks across the Channel; and by this means, and by not making the communication dependent at either port upon a single wire, the probabilities would be greatly against their being all broken or damaged on the same day. In the event of one of the wires being injured or broken, notice of the accident would be instantly given by the refusal of the wire to act; the spare wires would now come into activity, and little or no delay would take place. Meanwhile one of the South-Eastern Company's steamers would fish up the damaged wire until the seat of the injury was discovered; when its repair would be the work of probably a very little time, and all would go on as before. So confident does Mr Foster, the patentee of the wire, feel as to ultimate success, that he has signified his willingness to provide the gutta-percha necessary for coating a wire of sufficient length to stretch across the Channel, whenever the directors of the railway consent to supply the wire.

It cannot be denied that difficulties of a formidable kind threaten the invention. One is the danger of the fracture of the wire: it may be caught by the fluke of a ship's anchor, as she is endeavouring to ride out a stiff gale, and thus dragged away and broken. Then, again, it is to be remembered that the lower regions of the waters are only unvisited by fish when their depth is far greater than that of the Channel, and these monsters of the deep might happen to take a fancy to the long body of the wire, and by a single effort of their powerful jaws, snap it in twain—perhaps in the very middle of an important official despatch! It may be said, however, that the wire would shortly become so covered with sand as to be secure from these casualties, or from the last; and in portions of its length, undoubtedly, this would be the case. But across the depths and uneven hollows of the bottom, the wire would still lie fully exposed to this danger. The proposed remedy has been already discussed: it being to lay down two or three separate wires, by which means the amount of the risk to the intercommunication is considerably lessened. A serious cause of inconvenience may also be found to arise from accidental injuries to the coating of the wires, which, though slight in themselves, might expose a portion of the metallic surface to the conducting medium around, when the practical working of the wire would be almost as effectually interfered with as if it had been cut across with some sharp instrument. Add to these the suggestion that the gutta-percha may in process of time undergo chemical transformation, and we have probably enumerated the most formidable of the obstacles which the submarine telegraph is likely to meet with. The history of a thousand inventions in modern times presents us with practical difficulties more formidable in their kind and amount than any or all of these, so that a good hope may be cherished that these too will in time give way before the persevering energies of our enlightened age.

It is satisfactory to be able to point to an example of submarine electric intercommunication, which has hitherto answered every reasonable expectation: this is the wire from Gosport to the dockyard. It consists

simply of one line, requiring no other wire to complete the circuit, the water answering as the conducting medium. The wire, surrounded by a rope, in which it is imbedded, was simply allowed to drop into the water, and sink to the bottom. Telegraphic communications are constantly flying through this submerged wire, and hitherto with complete success.

The newspapers are continually telling their readers, or quote the tales from other sources, that such an international communication is being undertaken by this and that inventor, but nothing seems to come of it. It is not long since we were assured that some inventors in the metropolis were about to connect Dover and Calais with the electric wire, and to establish a printing electric telegraph at each port. At the close of the last year permission was actually given to a civil-engineer, by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, to effect a communication between Holyhead and Dublin by means of a submarine electric telegraph. The wires were, or are, to be connected with the lines of railway radiating from the Irish metropolis, and with the Chester and Holyhead Railway. Official assistance is promised to aid in carrying out this undertaking, which is undoubtedly one of great and momentous interest. Since the publication of the experiments narrated in this paper, a monster scheme has been propounded for connecting America with England by these magic-working wires; but until something on a smaller scale has been accomplished, it will be prudent to waive the consideration of a project which is calculated for the time when electric intercommunication, with all its difficulties, shall be a resolved problem.

Ardently, indeed, may the time be wished for when, as one of our wise men has said, 'the earth may be girdled with a sentence in a few moments;' and when, to every civilised nation, a common tongue and a common medium of speech will be given. What new and rapid evolutions of truth may not be expected, what advancement in arts and sciences, what progress in civilisation, when this hour a discovery will be made, and the next will see its knowledge scattered to the 'ends of the earth!' 'Knowledge,' in the words of the sacred writer, 'shall be increased;' and the warring, contending, opposing, and wide-scattered members of the human family shall begin to feel for the first time the reality of the existence of the family relationship. If it is in the order of Supreme Providence that such results should flow even from the humble instrumentality of a copper cord, may that time soon come!

HISTORY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH.

THE histories of places and of local things, when executed with industry and taste, are often both amusing and instructive, from the number of curious matters which they bring out. A history of the High School of Edinburgh, by one of the clergymen of the city, is of this character.* Without any great pretension, it forms a most agreeable narration, embodying what we might call the life of a very distinguished seminary, together with many interesting traits of the persons connected with it, pupils as well as masters, and conducting not a little to illustrate the progress of education.

It now appears for the first time that the High School of Edinburgh is descended from one of those conventual schools which formed the chief seminaries of secular learning in the middle ages: it was originally the school taught by the Augustine monks of Holyrood Abbey; and the first mention of it as the school of the city occurs so late as 1519. It was not till after the Reformation that it had entirely shaken off this early connection, and fallen under the entire control of the municipality. In those days it was settled in a build-

ing at the bottom of Blackfriars' Wynd, which had been successively occupied by Archbishop and Cardinal Beaton. In 1578 it was removed to a new building in the garden of the Blackfriars' Monastery, where it remained, though latterly under a renovated fabric, till 1829. It was there that Scott, Brougham, Francis Horner, and many other eminent men of our age, imbibed the first draughts of polite learning. How many a brave soldier and good civilian in all parts of the world must remember with pleasure the days of happy youthful excitement long ago spent in 'the Yards!'

The purpose of a grammar-school of former times was strictly limited to the teaching of the Latin language. Greek was unknown in such seminaries till a comparatively late period. For a long time, even writing was not taught in the High School. The methods appear to have been far from inviting. For one thing, a pupil, after the first six months, was obliged to speak in Latin, under penalty of a fine. He had to learn the grammar in a Latin book. Thus, by a curious pedagogic absurdity, he was presumed from the first to know that which he professedly came to learn. The doctrines of his faith were also imparted to him in a Latin catechism, which, to complete the solecism of the business, he had to repeat each Sunday in church before an illiterate congregation.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, corrupted by the barbarisms of the recent civil wars, and partaking of the general lawlessness of society, the boys were addicted to armed rebellion against their masters—chiefly, it would appear, in order to secure that allowance of holidays which they thought their due. In September 1595, being denied a week's vacation by the magistrates, 'a number of them, "gentilmenis bairnis," entered into a compact to revenge this supposed encroachment. Accordingly, having provided themselves with firearms and swords, they went, in the dead of night, and took possession of the school-house. On the following morning, when Rollock [the head master] made his appearance, he soon understood that his pupils were there, but that they had another object in view than the prosecution of their studies. The doors were not only shut against him, but every means of access being completely blocked up, and strongly guarded from within, all attempts to storm the garrison were found impracticable, and endeavours, oft repeated, to effect a reconciliation, proved unavailing. At length it was deemed expedient to call in the aid of the municipal power. John Macmoran, one of the magistrates, immediately came to the High School at the head of a party to force an entrance. When he and the city officers appeared in the Yards, or playground, the scholars became perfectly outrageous, and renewed remonstrances were quite fruitless. The boys unequivocally showed that they would not be dispossessed with impunity, and they dared any one at his peril to approach. To the point likely to be first attacked they were observed to throng in a highly excited state; while each seemed to vie with his fellow in threatening instant death to the man who should forcibly attempt to displace them. William Sinclair, son to the chancellor of Caithness, had taken a conspicuous share in this barring-out; and he now appeared foremost, encouraging his confederates steadily to persevere in defence of those rights which he doubtless conceived immemorial usage had fairly established. He took his stand at a window overlooking one of the entrances, whence he distinctly saw every movement of those without. Macmoran, never dreading that such hostile threats would be carried into execution, boldly persisted in urging his officers to force the door with a long beam, which, as a battering-ram, they were plying with all their might. The baillie had nearly accomplished his perilous purpose, when a shot in the forehead, from Sinclair's pistol, laid him dead on the spot. The anxious spectators of the scene were panic-struck, and the mournful tidings cast a gloom over the town.

* Early on the following day the Town-Council held

* History of the High School of Edinburgh. By the Rev. William Steven, D.D. Edinburgh: Macleachlan and Stewart. 1849.

an extraordinary meeting, and gave expression to their deep regret on account of this distressing occurrence, by which they had been deprived of a much-respected colleague, and the city of an active magistrate. The provost, two of the bailies, the convener of the trades, and seven councillors, were deputed to proceed to Fife, personally to communicate the sad intelligence to the king, who was then at Falkland, his favourite hunting palace.

'After two months' imprisonment, seven of the scholars, who were apprehended along with Sinclair, submitted their case to the Privy-Council. In their memorial, they assert their innocence in the most positive terms; complain of being closely shut up with abandoned characters in a damp prison, at the imminent peril of their lives; that, as most of the petitioners were sons either of barons or landed proprietors, they did not consider themselves amenable to the magistrates of Edinburgh, who, besides, being parties, could not sit as unbiassed judges; and humbly intreated his majesty to name an assize, of whom the majority should be peers of the realm. Their request was complied with. What actually took place at the trial, however, is not now known, as the record of the Justiciary Court of that period is unfortunately lost; but Sinclair and the others were soon liberated.

'Here perhaps we may be pardoned for cursorily noticing a tradition, which bears indeed the marks of probability, that a boy of the name of Campbell, implicated in this barring-out, apprehensive of the result, fled alone to the Isle of Skye, where he settled, and left behind him a generation of Campbells, isolated, as it were, amidst a nation of Macleods. One of these, a great-grandson of the rioter, hospitably received the unfortunate Charles in his wanderings in the year 1746, and was very kind to him. Some other boys, the sons of Highland chieftains, were engaged in the affray, which proves that the Highland proprietors of that period could not have been so illiterate as it is generally supposed they were.'

We have heard that poor Macmoran's skull was long after dug up in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, and recognised by the small hole through which the fatal bullet had entered. His house still exists in the Lawnmarket, a stately mansion, saying not a little for the affluence and comfort of the first class of merchants in Edinburgh in the reign of King James VI.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the remunerations of the masters appear to have been on a moderate scale. The head master, Hercules Rollock, a man of distinguished learning, and famous for his many compositions in Latin poetry, is found complaining of the insufficiency of his salary of L50 Scots (being L4, 3s. 4d. sterling), in as far as the fees were ill-paid by the boys; wherefore the magistrates agreed to his stipend being doubled. In 1598, these gentlemen fixed a scale of fees and salaries for all the masters, which will be understood by the modern reader, if he divides by twelve for sterling money: 'George Hastie, the first regent, was to have quarterly from each scholar 13s. 4d.; Patrick Peacock, the second regent, was to have the same sum; John Balfour, the third regent, had 15s.; and Alexander Hume, the fourth or principal, 20s. Besides this, the Principal was to be acknowledged by every boy at the school, "of one quarterlie dewtie of xld." The teachers received salaries from the town: the first and second regents had twenty pounds, the third had forty marks, and the head master had two hundred marks yearly.'

There was, however, an irregular source of income, which has continued to be a feature of Scottish schools almost down to the present day. 'On the 20th of January 1660, the Town-Council appointed "intimation to be made to the doctors of the Grammar-School that the casualty called the *bleis steeer* be delayed till the first day of March next." This was a gratuity presented to teachers by their scholars at Candlemas, when the pupil that gave most was pronounced *king*. The de-

signation appears to have originated from the Scottish word *bleis*, signifying anything that makes a *blaze*; it being conjectured, with great probability, that the money was "first contributed for this purpose at *Candlemas*, a season when fires and lights were anciently kindled." [To make good this conjecture, we recollect that at our first school, in a primitive part of the country, the boys always employed a part of the holiday in making what they called a *Candlemas bleeze*, generally setting on fire some field of dry gorse or *whins* in the neighbourhood of the town.] 'In addition to the customary quarterly fees, the masters deemed themselves entitled to a gift in the beginning of February, and this was named a "Candlemas offering." The practice existed in most of the public schools till a comparatively recent period. *Candlemas* was a holiday; but the children, in their best attire, and usually accompanied by their parents, repaired to the school, and after a short while was spent in the delivery of appropriate orations, the proper business of the forenoon commenced. The roll of the school was solemnly called over, and each boy, as his name was announced, went forward and presented an offering, first to the rector, and next to his own master. When the gratuity was less than the usual quarterly fee no notice was taken of it, but when it amounted to that sum, the rector exclaimed, *Vivat*; to twice the ordinary fee, *Floreat bis*; for a higher sum, *Floreat ter*; for a guinea and upwards, *Gloriat*! Each announcement was the precursor of an amount of cheering commensurate with the value of the "offering." When the business was over, the rector rose, and in an audible voice declared the *victor*, by mentioning the name of the highest donor. This, it must be confessed, was a very disingenuous practice, for the most meritorious scholars might be the least able so to distinguish themselves. There was usually an eager competition for the honour of *king*. It has been averred in regard to a provincial school, on an occasion similar to that to which reference has been made, that a boy put down a guinea to insure the enviable distinction of being *king* for the day, when the father of a rival scholar gave his son a guinea to add to the first "offering;" whereupon an alternate advance of a guinea each took place, till one had actually laid down twenty-four, and the other twenty-five guineas! Again and again did the Town-Council of Edinburgh issue injunctions to the teachers, to prevent "all craving and receiving of any *bleis sylver* or *bent sylver* of their bairns and scholars, exceptand four pennis at a time tyme allanerlie." In days of old, when many of our houses boasted no better floors than the bare earth, it was customary to lay down rushes or bent to keep the feet warm and dry, as well as to give a more comfortable appearance. At the close of the sixteenth century and commencement of the seventeenth, during the summer season the pupils had leave to go and cut bent for the school. As in these excursions the young bent collectors "oftentimes fell a-wrestling with hooks in their hands, and sometimes wronged themselves, other times their neighbours," it was resolved that the boys should have their accustomed "liberty" or holiday, and likewise that every scholar should present the customary gratuity to the master on the first Monday of May, and on the "first Mondays of June and July, which is commonly called the bent-silver play, with which money the master is to buy bent, or other things needful for the school." Happily all such exactions are now unknown; and at four regular periods in the course of each session the teachers receive from their pupils a fixed fee, which is regarded as a fair remuneration for their professional labour.'

Early in the last century, a person of considerable literary celebrity became connected with the High School of Edinburgh in a humble capacity. 'David Malloch, who about this time filled the situation of janitor in this seminary, distinguished himself in after-life. Dr Johnson, in his "Lives of the Poets," says that Malloch or Mallet, from the penury of his parents, was

glad to accept such a humble appointment. We were inclined to question the accuracy of the statement, as his biographer mentions that the memoir was drawn up chiefly from hearsay testimony. Observing, however, that the election of a janitor was not at that period recorded in the minutes of the corporation, it occurred to us that the vouchers in the city chamberlain's custody might probably throw some light on the point. The disputed question was speedily put at rest by the production of Malloch's holograph receipt, dated February 2, 1718, for sixteen shillings and eightpence sterling, being his full salary for the preceding half-year. That was the exact period he held the office. The janitorship, it should be borne in mind, was not esteemed a post unsuitable to the age, or beneath the dignity, of a junior academic. In the university the same situation was repeatedly filled by students. . . . Malloch was afterwards tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he made the tour of Europe. He subsequently settled in London, where he altered his name to Mallet. In reference to this change it was tauntingly said of him that he was called *Malloch* by his relations, *Mallet* by his friends, and *Moloch* by his enemies. His first publication was the beautiful ballad of "William and Margaret," which was followed by several other works, which secured for him considerable celebrity. With Pope, and Thomson, and a host of literary characters, he was on intimate terms.

A pleasant personal anecdote is recorded of a Mr Matheson, who was obliged to retire from the head-mastership in 1768, on account of bad health, but who afterwards recovered by taking abundant exercise in the open air. Under a mask of oddity, his conduct exhibited the clearest wisdom; and we, whose life is one exclusively of mental activity, can candidly say that we have often felt the *wish* to do as he did. In his summer peregrinations, he has frequently been known to spend several hours with any ditcher whom he found busy at his humble calling; and at his departure, gave the rustic some gratuity for the loan of his pickaxe. The temptation was too great, he also confessed, to pass a barn where the thrasher was at work, without entreating that he might be indulged for a little with the use of his flail. In winter, when he could not go much abroad, he was in the habit of repairing to the shop of Mr Auchinleck, a well-known cutler, where he would amuse himself in driving the large wheel. One day, when thus employed, a medical student from the sister isle happened to call, and, in the course of conversation, talked boastfully of the attainments of his countrymen in classical lore. Auchinleck patiently listened till a supposed stigma was attempted to be thrown upon Scotland. Firing at this, and wishing to confound as well as convince his loquacious customer that his averments were most erroneous, he adroitly observed that even some of his own workmen were by no means deficient. Having said this, he singled out Mr Matheson, who, in a quiet corner, at his voluntary task, had been all the while doomed to have his ear gratified by this voluble pseudo-scholar, who held *quantity* at defiance. Matheson came forth, and to the utter confusion of the stranger, convinced him that learning was not exclusively the product of his native soil; and from the spirited lecture of the *ci-devant* rector, the Irishman was soon made fully aware that his censure was premature and unmerited.

Our amiable author touches lightly on the severities formerly practised in grammar-schools, and in this among the rest. It might have been curious, as a contrast to the present more rational and humane methods, to have given a few traits of the severities of Nicol, which, we have been assured, were not much short of the atrocities of the Inquisition. Strange to say, in private life, this teacher was warm-hearted and genial. He seems to have entirely gained the affections of Robert Burns, who wrote, on the occasion of Nicol's house-heating, his popular song, 'Willie brewed a peck o' maist.' Even Dr Adam maintained no small rigour.

We have heard that at one of the examinations of the school, late in the life of this eminent man, he was honoured by the presence of several distinguished persons, his former pupils, including the president of one of the supreme courts of the country. It was getting dark, but, in the ardour of his examinations, the venerable rector heeded not the circumstance. Some one at length whispered to the judge, 'Would it not be well to give Dr Adam a hint that it was time to conclude and dismiss?' 'I!' cried his lordship with a shrug which involved a thousand recollections; 'what, I presume to interfere with the master! Oh no, indeed.' The last words of Adam on his deathbed are striking and affecting—'It grows dark, boys—you may go.'

SUMMER AT NICE.

AMONG the fair spots my memory loves to revisit—and they are not a few—Nice is the dearest. Almost every one seems to know Nice, and to know it is to love it. It is never mentioned without some affectionate adjective, nor, as I fancy, without a brightening of the speaker's eye, as if in sympathetic remembrance of that ever-smiling sky, and of the Mediterranean flashing joyously beneath.

Nice has no ruins, churches, or galleries of art to invite the tourist: it has only its sheltered situation, simple beauty, and delicious climate; but with these it needs no other riches. I would remark, however, that its climate is decidedly unsuited for those whose lungs are actually diseased. The clear air and sharp sea-breezes prove very irritating to consumptive invalids. But where the patient suffers merely from general debility, stomach complaints, bronchial delicacy, or great susceptibility of cold in the humid climate of England, Nice is the place to invigorate him, and make him literally a new being. I never was aware of the buoyant pleasure of life until I lived in Nice—I mean the mere animal enjoyment of *existence*—and now I look back upon those bright winters as the halcyon days of a calm beauty never to be forgotten. Think of never venturing out in November, December, or January without a parasol to shade one from the glare of sunshine, and sitting for hours, almost in summer clothing, on the ruins of the old castle which surmounts the hill behind the harbour, with the Mediterranean spread out at your feet as far as the eye can reach, so calm, so deeply blue—still deeper in colour than the sky that looks down lovingly upon it, as if protecting and watching the fishing-boats, whose white sails are like sea-birds in the distance! It is impossible not to feel better in mind and body when living amid beauty, and impossible not to feel, with Wordsworth—

'A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused;
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky.'

But this is the Nice that everybody knows—the Nice of the tourist, the painter, the poet, and the English absentee. It is my hint to speak of it in summer, when it is usually considered by such visitors to be no more inhabitable than if it were seated in the very heart of the Great Sahara. Towards the end of April, or of May at the farthest, the place is deserted; the season is over, and the town is left to summer heat and solitude. The mountains which shelter it from the northern blasts, and consequently make it so desirable a residence in winter, now render it an oven; and in fact it would be utterly insupportable were it not for the sea-breeze. As a general rule, the English and all other foreigners take to flight at the approach of this season; but some few families, influenced by various motives, stand their ground. One summer we were among that number, for we wished to spend a second winter there; and the distance to any very cool summer quarters was great enough

to decide us to brave the heat where we were. However, we would not venture on this again, for the temperature was really more than sufficient to undo all the good the previous winter had effected. Northern constitutions are certainly not the better for four months' frying, with a shake of mosquitoes, and an extra hiss now and then, occasioned by the sirocco bellows. Now, however, that the physical inconvenience is over, memory spreads before my delighted eye nothing to mar the fairest possible picture of an Italian summer in all its indolent luxury. The fire-flies dancing through the nights of June, the shining lizards, and the mosquitoes themselves, seemed to be the only living things unresigned to spend their time in the 'dolce far niente,' the delights of which state are so totally unappreciable by those who have never felt warmer summers than our own. There was a novelty in our first southern summer which was not without its charms, in spite of the drawbacks. Rising at four or five, bathing in the transparent water, if the sun was not already too hot, taking a short walk in shady green lanes, eating fresh cherries as we went along (and peculiarly sweet they seemed at that early hour), coming home before six to an early breakfast, then dreaming through the day, dining chiefly on fruit, passing an hour or two in a siesta, breathing a little more freely as the evening drew on, reviving sufficiently to dress and go out about nine o'clock, strolling on the sea-shore, dreaming again while gazing at the calm, silvery moon riding peacefully in that summer sky, and nevertheless flinging down a shower of almost golden light into the rippling waves beneath; then home again, and looking out of the open window, feeling more awake than we had done since the morning—for the sea-breeze was now cool (almost sharp sometimes)—and the moon and its showers of light in the water more beautiful than ever. This, continued day after day, may seem a monotonous routine; but it is not so; and I defy the veriest desipser of day-dreaming to pass a summer in Italy and escape the infection of the climate.

But we are sometimes roused by a storm. Indeed a thunder-storm is by no means unfrequent during the summer months at Nice. In July we had three or four, and one I remember very vividly. It began at eight o'clock one evening, after a day or two of intolerable oppressiveness. We heard the first peal of thunder with delight: it approached nearer and nearer, and the lightning flashed, as it seemed, without a moment's intermission; then the rain began to fall. It first rebounded off the hard-baked ground, which soon, however, yielded, and drank in with eagerness the refreshing shower. It ceased: the thunder roared more savagely, the house shook to its foundations, the lightning filled the room, as, in spite of the jealousies, it came in at the four large windows, and was reflected in the mirrors on the walls. There we sat for hours, some admiring, some terrified, all silent and awe-stricken. The lightning at length ceased to come in ordinary flashes; it appeared at the windows a broad thin sheet of light. The effect was most beautiful, as it illumined every object in the room for a few seconds at a time. Some of our party would not go to bed on account of the iron rods which supported the mosquito curtains; so we all sat up for company's sake. Suddenly we were alarmed by a rushing noise without: it was not the thunder, but was distinctly heard *with* the thunder. We rushed to the windows, threw back the jealousies, and saw the wonderful finale of the storm. Beneath our windows was the dry bed of a torrent, supplied abundantly in winter by the mountain streams, but long dry, and used, on account of its smooth clean stones, as a bleach-green by a number of neighbouring laundresses. Now, however, there rushed along its bed an impetuous river, carrying along with it logs of wood, quantities of hay, straw, charcoal, &c. which it had pillaged as it swept along the cottages of the mountaineers. The lightning was flashing on it the while, now and then seeming to convert it into a river of blood. It was a fearful, yet a grand sight. I

was rivetted to the spot, and did not leave it until at length the storm, which had now lasted five hours, gradually subsided; the clouds rolled away, and the moon, in all her gentle beauty, shone down upon the rushing torrent, and by her peaceful smiles wooed the discordant elements into harmony.

So much for the *physique* of Nice in the summer; but the *morale* is hardly so picturesque. I felt an interest, however, in one of the peasant girls, called Madeleine Bonnet. It is no harm to tell her name; for she could not read, even if she should see it written here. Her father was a working silversmith in Genoa, and when he died, his widow and children removed to Nice, where they had relations. They tried to support themselves by a little farm; but this did not succeed. The boys were too young, and the two girls, who were the eldest of the family, resolved to go into service. Marie, the eldest, soon found a situation in a Nizzard family; but Madeleine was ambitious, and determined to go only into an English ménage. She offered herself to us, and we found her appearance very prepossessing. She wore the becoming costume of the Nice peasantry—the graceful capeline, and the black velvet ribbon round her glossy dark-brown hair. Her complexion was the clear olive of Italy, and her eyes had the lustre of that passionate climate, but beautified in their expression by the long black lashes, which hung over them with a mournful air I cannot describe. As she was well recommended by the hotel-keeper, we resolved to try her. She did not profess much knowledge; but her great willingness to learn soon made her a favourite, even with the cross old cook, and with our own English servants. This peaceful state of things in the kitchen did not last long, however. The old cook soon brought grievous charges against Madeleine, who, she said, stole the charcoal, and ought to be dismissed instantly. We could not readily acquiesce in this; especially as we found, on farther inquiry, that on no other head but that of charcoal was her honesty impeached. We could have imagined a girl of eighteen being tempted by cakes, or articles of dress; but what could she do with charcoal? It seemed nonsense. However, week after week the cook persisted in her allegations, and the matter must be investigated. Madeleine was called, and the charge made. She blushed scarlet, and did not attempt to deny its truth. 'It is a pity, Madeleine,' I said, 'that you have acted so, for we must lose confidence in you henceforth.'

This seemed to give her courage, and she answered, 'Ah, signorina, you think I would steal anything now! You are mistaken: I would rather starve than steal for myself; but, signorina, I have a mother, and she is very poor, and my little brothers are too young to work for her. She finds that she can make a very good trade by selling roasted chestnuts in the street; but it requires a great deal of charcoal to roast them all day long, and she grudged to buy it when she wanted food for the children, and I have sometimes given her a little.'

Though I felt that the poor girl's temptation had been strong, I thought it right to say, 'Yet, Madeleine, it was stealing when you gave away what was not yours to give.'

Her eyes flashed indignantly: her ideas of morality were evidently different: her heart swelled, and with tears she answered me—'Ah, signorina, you who have a mother whom you dearly love, to speak so to me! You are rich, and I am very poor; but if you and your mother were as poor as I and mine, you would help her in any way you could, especially if you had plenty to eat, as I have with you: and if you knew that she had a scanty meal at home, you *would*, signorina'—she added with energy, seeing me about to reply—'you would have done what I did.' She paused, and begged pardon for her vehemence, but not for the theft, which it was clear gave her conscience no uncomfortable qualms. I never felt more puzzled for a reply. I wished to show Madeleine that she had acted wrong;

nevertheless the conference ended here; and ended, strange to say, by interesting us all more deeply than ever in the impenitent culprit.

Towards the end of June, Madeleine came to me one day in great sorrow, saying that she must leave us, for that it was now the season to work at the factory—winding the silk from off the pods of the silkworms—that she would much rather stay with us, as the work is very bad for the health; not that it is laborious, but because the room in which the women sit is heated to a most distressing degree by the caldrons of boiling water in which the worms are immersed, and out of which they are taken, one by one, by the winders. The wages are very high to the good winders, and they are, in consequence, willing to endure the boiling temperature. We offered Madeleine equal wages, as we did not wish to lose her; but the master of the factory said that if she refused to work that summer, he would not employ her in future—for she was one of his best winders, and he could not afford to do without her—so she went. One day we went to see the factory: the winding of the silk was very curious: those accustomed to the work have acquired such delicacy of touch, that as they wind, they separate, with unerring precision, the silk of one worm into eighteen or twenty different degrees of fineness, and that without ever using the eye.

The work in which Madeleine was engaged soon made a very marked alteration in her appearance. From a robust, rosy-faced girl, she became in a little time thin and pale. The heat of a Nice summer would suffice to fade the roses on her cheek; but when, added to that, she had to live all day in a room steaming with caldrons of boiling water—kept boiling by fires below—it was no wonder that she looked three or four years older in the course of as many months. We often met her when taking our evening stroll along the shore. When the autumn approached, I asked her one evening when she meant to come back to us. She looked very much puzzled, and at last it came out that she hoped it would be unnecessary for her to go into service again. She was, in short, going to be married. But how was this? I must hear the story. It appeared that she had a Cousin Antonio, whose parents lived in Genoa, and to whom she had been in a manner betrothed almost from childhood. He was a baker; and when Madeleine and her family left Genoa for Nice, he had left it for Antibes, where he had a promise of employment as foreman to some wealthy baker. He was most anxious that Madeleine should marry him then, and accompany him to Antibes; but she 'was not ready,' she said.

'Why not ready, Madeleine?

'Well, signorina, I must tell you the truth. We were very poor just then, after burying my father; and my mother could have given me no clothes worth mentioning, and so I could not think of marrying; for it is our custom here, when a young man marries, that his mother shall examine beforehand all the linen and clothes of his intended wife; and I could not submit to be mocked and called a poor wretch by Antonio's mother and sisters, who are much better off than I am, and who, to tell the truth, would be glad to have something to bring against me to Antonio.'

'But, Madeleine, your poverty would be nothing against you with your lover. I suppose you told him why you wished to wait?'

'Oh no, signorina! If I had, he is so generous he would have bought me everything I asked; but I wished to earn my clothes, and not to be scoffed at by my mother and sisters-in-law.'

'I admire your spirit. But was Antonio satisfied to wait?'

'Oh, he ought to have been satisfied; but he was angry with me certainly, and made me cry a great deal. But he was good again before I saw him for the last time.'

'And have you never heard from him since he has been at Antibes?'

'Only once, for I cannot read; but of course, if he

was ill, I should have heard from somebody. Ill news always travels. But I shall soon see him, and never part again,' she said earnestly. 'It was a long, long separation—almost two years. I did not know what I was undertaking when I refused to go at once with him to Antibes; but now it is nearly over, and we shall be happy all our lives together.'

I could scarcely share in the young girl's simple faith, and could not help saying, 'He may be well, Madeleine, but it seems very negligent to have left you a year without some message. Can he be growing careless or forgetful?'

'Forgetful!' she repeated after me with an arch smile and shake of her head, no doubt pitying me for my ignorance and scepticism as to her lover's character, but noway affected further by my doubts; and then she added, 'You know not, lady, how long Antonio and Madeleine have loved. There never was a time in their memory when aught was dearer to them than each other.'

I could scarcely share her trustfulness; yet I thought she might have good reasons for it, and I sincerely hoped so, and would not add a word to diminish her joy. But as she went away, I said, 'Well, Madeleine, we shall be here again for the winter; and if you be in Nice, and disengaged, you can have your old place if you choose.' Shortly after this we left Nice for a few weeks, making various excursions along the coast. On our return, my first care was to inquire after Madeleine. Her old mother came in answer to the message I had sent for her daughter. The poor old woman seemed quite overwhelmed at the conclusion of her daughter's lifelong betrothment. I cannot say that I was surprised, though I was indeed grieved, at what she told me. She had accompanied Madeleine to Antibes shortly after we left Nice. They had found Antonio alive and well, and prosperous—but married to the only daughter of the wealthy baker whose foreman he had been, but who was now dead, and to whose business and riches his son-in-law succeeded.

Madeleine was completely stunned by this intelligence; it was not, *could* not be, she thought; nor would she believe it until the faithless Antonio's own lips had left her no room for further incredulity. Broken-hearted, she returned with her mother to Nice; and sick of the world, at the age of nineteen she lost no time in gaining admission to a convent, and I saw her no more.

TURNING THE PENNY.

It is a common thing to hear wonder expressed at the great increase of street beggars. Is this really wonderful? A few extra pence will flood with candidates for work the meanest and dirtiest trades in the country, and why should we be surprised to find the same effect produced upon beggary by our virtuous generosity? We are said in statistics to give away, in the copper and small silver line, not much less than £1,500,000 per annum; and if to this is added the summing-up of the begging-books, in whole and half-sovereigns, crowns and half-crowns, we shall have a most tempting total of revenue for destitution. Even the refuge offered by the workhouse and nightly shelters is found to aggravate the social disorder. A nomadic population has been fostered in the bosom of a settled community. To the 'workus,' as a permanent retreat, beggars have the most determined objection. Nor is this surprising. There is a charm in rags, dirt, halfpence, and gin, associated with freedom, which greatly transcends all the elegancies of the Union. Let us run over a few of the more recent cases, and inquire what it is our pensioners do in return for our bounty, and how they employ themselves abroad, instead of stagnating in the workhouse.

Could any one show a more marked disregard of all propriety of conduct than Ann Brady, who, though arrived at the mature ungrish age of thirty-six, made

her unwilling appearance at the late Middlesex Sessions? Ann was accused of having turned the penny as a street beggar on every available occasion these fourteen years back. Not much good was said of Ann. Her accusers describe her as 'one of the most incorrigible begging vagrants who had ever been heard of. For years she had led a begging, drunken, and vagabond life; and the court would be astonished to hear that, at the instance of the Mendicity Society alone, she had been committed for various terms of imprisonment as many as forty-nine times! A kind-hearted magistrate, thinking to get her to abandon begging, had supplied her with money to set up a fruit-stall; but the whole of that money she had spent on drink. Whenever let loose from prison, she began begging in the old way; and with the first money she procured, she got regularly drunk in the nearest public-house. When last taken up, she kicked and knocked about terribly, and could not be brought to the station-house till she was tied on a stretcher. It was of no use doing anything for this woman, your worship. When good people got her a comfortable situation, she stole out of the house to beg; her favourite place of resort being the Park. And then she soon got herself into trouble. Since 1834, she had spent, put it all together, five years in prison.' In vindication of her rights, Ann said, 'It was a very hard case that the police would not leave her alone—it was enough to kill her.' Verdict of the court, 'six months.' Will the honourable bench of magistrates kindly explain what is to be the use of this fresh incarceration, beyond giving Ann a keener relish for begging and dram-drinking?

Much about the same time, up is brought to the police-office, Guildhall, 'a well-known impostor, Michael Leary,' charged with being a confirmed beggar, who carried on business by simulating a most dreadful pain in his back. Michael, it was alleged, lived on that back of his. 'The prisoner,' so saith the reporter, 'who was allowed to be in the anteroom, instead of being locked up in the cells, continued groaning all the time, declaring that he was dying from rheumatic pains; and when helped into the court, he redoubled his cries, "Oh my back, my back!" and clung to the railings of the dock, in which position he continued moaning at times, and to all appearance suffering great pain, while the evidence was taken down.' No. 267 of the city police gives evidence—'That about eight o'clock the previous evening he was on duty in Holborn, when he observed the prisoner walk from house to house begging, always appearing to complain of his back; after which he went into several public-houses, and obtained a quartern of gin, which he drank, and at last became rather intoxicated. Next he went into a coffee-shop, but did not get anything; and on his coming out, he took him into custody.' Michael denies being drunk, pleads ill health, and only begs because he cannot work. The magistrate tells him that won't do: 'You are too well known to make me believe you were ill at all; and it's all sham now.' 'Hope you will send me to the hospital, sir, where I may get some relief to my aching back.' 'I shall send you somewhere else before you go there, and that is to prison for fourteen days, on bread and water.' The prisoner, unrepentant, was then carried out by No. 267; loudly protesting, however, that he was suffering severely from rheumatism, and that he should certainly die under that terrible pain in his back!

Some people will laugh at this, and tell you that Michael Leary was doubtless an impostor, all his protestations about his back notwithstanding. But who demoralised Michael? That is the question. Wasn't it good folks who believed all the rigmorale story of the back, and gave him halfpence out of pure soul-struck compassion? To be sure it was; and it is these good folks, with their credulity and their charity, that make beggars abound. Take another example. The other day, 'Thomas Henscheliffe, a thick-set, powerful young fellow, was placed at the bar of the Worship Street police-office, charged with being a begging im-

postor. A constable of the A division said he was on duty that morning in the City Road, when he saw the prisoner knock at a great number of doors in succession, and clamorously solicit charity, upon the ground of his being in great distress, and that he had sustained some very serious injury in his arm, which was suspended in a sling, and appeared to be crippled. Witness was dressed in plain clothes, for the more ready detection of offenders; and the prisoner, after leaving the last door he had applied at, at once made up to him, and in a canting whine commenced a harrowing detail of his real or assumed misfortunes, which would have no doubt been successful in the extraction of money from any casual passenger, but which instantly stopped upon the witness seizing him by the collar, and, pointing out his mistake, telling him he should take him to the station. He then asked him what he had been doing at the houses he had knocked at? and the prisoner, without the slightest prevarication, answered, "Begging." "And what is the matter with your arm?" said the witness. "Oh, nothing at all!" said the prisoner. "Then what do you put it into a sling for?" "Why, you see," said he, "when I went about with my arm not suspended and wrapped up in this way, I found that I could get nothing out of anybody, as the people I asked for assistance immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, you are a strong young man, and ought to get a living by work;' and then went off without dropping a penny; so I put my arm into a sling as it is now, because I found that those who did so got more money!"—Sentence, a month's imprisonment, with hard labour in the House of Correction.

But the professed beggar resorts to many other shams besides malingering. He is a shipwrecked mariner, a workman out of work, a burned-out tradesman, an unfortunate actor on his way home to his friends, a distressed foreigner, and, generally speaking, he has a wife and family. In London, there appear to be places where beggars can be accommodated with 'properties' of all sorts, dying infants included. 'At a recent meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. Mr Branch said that a short time since he visited a room in Westminster where he saw a woman with a dying child in her arms. Commiserating the wretched creature's condition, he inquired into her history, and her means of livelihood, and in answer to his questions, she replied, "Oh, sir, my sufferings are great, and so are those of my child; but when my child is gone, I know not what to do." "But," observed Mr Branch, "it will be a happy release for you and your child, as you can make no exertions while you are burthened with her." "Oh, dear sir," ejaculated the mother, "when she is gone, I'll have to pay 9d. a day for another child, while she costs me nothing. Unless I do so, I'll earn nothing by begging, for it is the children that excite compassion!" In another room in the house Mr Branch found forty beggars, vagabonds and rogues, male and female, young, old, lame, and blind, gathered round a fire, all relating their exploits, and planning for their next attacks upon the public. In a regular wareroom in Westminster he saw exhibited for hire and sale every variety of dresses, including widows' weeds and tattered rags, shabby-genteel costumes, clerical suits, &c. adapted to the different plans of mendicant operations pursued by the several parties who patronised this extraordinary bazaar, and who made begging a profession.'

Going about with certificates of character is a very effective method of operating on the compassionate. On a former occasion we referred to a case related to us by a party concerned, and it will still bear a few more particulars. Some five or six years ago, a man who carried on a small trade as a tinsmith in a country town in England, was one night burnt out of house and home. A great misfortune for the poor man! Not at all. It was the best thing he ever experienced that burning. He became a fit object for the philanthropists; and all very proper, if they had acted with considerate caution. In his destitution,

the homeless tinsmith was sought out by a gentleman whom we shall call Mr Meanwell, and furnished with a subscription-paper, headed by a true and particular account of the fire and its consequences—wife and family homeless, stock in trade gone, contributions would be thankfully received, &c. Armed with this commission of botheration, off went the ruined tinsmith on his travels, destined never more to take hammer in hand. First, he made a round of the town. In one day he pocketed eight pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence of the remarkably good coin of these realms. With this neat sum jingling in his pocket, his hand dipping down among sovereigns and shillings—pleasant feeling!—a new light dawned on the forlorn tinsmith. He had a realisation of the vast powers of a subscription-paper. It beat tin-beating all to nothing. Formerly, he had toiled weeks and weeks, and not made as much as he had now done in one day. Work was all nonsense. Next day, at the begging again. Three pounds eleven, all equally good money, rewarded his persevering industry, independently of expressions of commiseration which did not count. The impetus towards mendicancy was now altogether irresistible. To go back to the tin trade would be clearly a running in the face of destiny. Missus being of a similar way of thinking, it was soon arranged to carry on the new and lucrative profession. Having exhausted all possibilities of cash within the immediate sphere of the conflagration, the burnt-out tinsmith and his wife, a 'decent-looking woman in a black bonnet,' went away on an excursion through the provinces. And from that excursion they have never returned, and never will. Occasionally they are heard of on their peregrinations, picking up a sovereign here and a half-crown there, all through the virtue of that wonderful subscription-paper. 'It is the worst thing I ever did in my life,' said Mr Meanwell to us, 'giving that unlucky certificate of character, with my own name down for a guinea at the top of it. It is a warning to me how I do anything of the sort again.'

When once a man has experienced the benefits of begging—the very great ease of the thing, its superiority in point of money—returns to downright hard work—you could not convince that man that labour was more honourable and more profitable. All your philosophy about the dignity of independent labour would be thrown away on him. The Liverpool papers give us a very pretty case of a genteel incurable in the begging line. 'Thomas Holland was yesterday committed to prison for one month, on a charge of street begging. It seems he has pursued his avocation to a considerable and very profitable extent, as the circumstances we are about to relate will prove. We learn that his committal was the consequence of his having importuned, amongst others, the stipendiary magistrate himself. For some time the delinquent has been in respectable lodgings kept by a widow, who has also several other lodgers, clerks in the customhouse and mercantile establishments in the town. From the time he went to these lodgings there has always been some mystery as to his means or pursuits; and all that seems to have been known of him by his landlady was, that he represented himself as a respectable decayed tradesman come to reside in Liverpool. He was always a complete epicure in his diet, and unsparring in procuring for himself all the choice edibles which the most fastidious taste could desire. To breakfast he uniformly had his broiled chop or steak, and was most particular as to the quality of his tea and coffee, always procuring the best of each, and having it prepared for him in the best possible manner. In this respect he was exceedingly hard to please. In his other meals he was equally hospitable to himself, and on all occasions his appetite was perfectly astonishing to the inmates of the house. As regards the other bodily comforts of life he was equally particular. During the time he remained in the house he would sit before a huge fire, which he always insisted should be kept up, his feet being comforted by extra carpets and rugs, and his legs wrapped up in blankets. Indeed, in all his

arrangements he seemed to be exceedingly well acquainted with the means of personal comfort, and did not fail to make the most of them. He seldom turned out of the house until eleven or twelve o'clock in the morning, except on Saturday, when he was always ready for his breakfast by eight o'clock, and uniformly anxious to go out soon, as if he had urgent business on that day. He was very fidgetty if his meals were not always ready at the moment he wanted them, and would on these occasions tell his landlady that she could always look after the young men's wants, but because he was "a poor old gentleman, he must be neglected." He had latterly become so tedious, that she gave him notice to quit; but he declined to receive it, observing, "What a wicked woman you are to ask me to leave; it is not convenient for me to leave, and I shall not leave!" He was always very prompt in the payment of his board, and until his committal, the landlady had not the remotest idea that he was obtaining his livelihood by begging. This was only found out by his unaccountable absence from home for a few days. At the time of his committal his larder was well stocked for the following week. Of course, since his liberation, Mr Holland has resumed business, and the world will most likely hear of him by and by.

'Punch,' that philosopher by contraries, has recently parodied Burns's 'Jolly Beggars' with considerable success, at least in the spirit of one of the songs. Among the company, met at midnight for a characteristic jollification, there is the Serious Poor Young Man, in a threadbare black coat, white cravat, and excessively bad hat. This is the sentimental strain he contributes:—

'A lazy humbug I was born,
To earn my bread I held it scorn,
And found it far a better plan
To act the Serious Poor Young Man.

Sing hey the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing ho the Serious Poor Young Man!
'There's not a scamp in all our clan,
Can match the Serious Poor Young Man.

With cedar pencils in my hand,
Or sticks of sealing-wax, I stand,
'Soft Tommies' hearts I thus trepan,
The decent Serious Poor Young Man.
Sing hey, &c.

I'm ne'er caught begging in the fact,
So don't infringe the Vagrant Act:
And let the law do what it can
Again the Serious Poor Young Man!
Sing hey, &c.

A CURIOSITY IN LITERATURE.

AMONG recent instances of the dispersion of our sheets in quarters where it was not anticipated they would penetrate, one of a peculiarly gratifying nature has come to our knowledge, and we trust to be excused for drawing attention to it as a fact interesting in literature.

It may be generally known that during the last twelve months we have been engaged in preparing and issuing a new edition of the 'Information for the People,' a work of which seventy thousand copies had been previously disposed of, and which now, in its improved form, has attained a circulation of forty-five thousand copies. Some time ago, we had occasion to notice that the work had been reprinted, without our concurrence being asked, in the United States, and also formed the basis and model of a work, 'Instruction pour le Peuple,' issued in Paris. The circumstance now attracting our attention is the translation of the work into Welsh, and its issue in parts in a form very similar to that of the English original. For this commercial adventure of a Welsh bookseller, Robert Edwards of Pwllheli, Caernarvonshire, we had not been altogether unprepared; for to his application for casts of our wood-engravings to insert in his letter-press we had given

some attention—of course making no charge for these illustrations, and only too happy to aid so far in what appeared to be a meritorious and hazardous enterprise.

The first part of this remarkable translation is now before us; and on the front of the blue cover appears the following title:—*CYFIRITHIAD O ADDYSG CHAMBERS I'R BOHL, ON EBENEZER THOMAS, 'Eben Fardd,' Cynnwyasiad—Seryddiaeth, Dacardraith.* The two latter words signify Astronomy and Geology, such being the contents of the part. At the foot of the title are the words 'Pris Chwef' Cheiniog,' which means price sixpence—a charge double that of the original; but, we should infer, barely sufficient to repay the outlay on the undertaking. The translator, Ebenezer Thomas, or Eben the Bard, is a person of no mean celebrity in Wales. A correspondent, who calls him the 'Shakespeare or Burns of the Principality,' forwards the following notice of the bard and his present literary effort from the 'Amserau,' a popular Welsh newspaper:—

'Eben the Bard has already immortalised his name as a poet. Here we meet with him in the character of translator, and his abilities as such are equal to those which distinguish him as a poet. It must be absolutely superfluous to attempt saying anything by way of recommendation to the work he has now translated. What necessity is there for writing a panegyric on the sun? And why should the value of knowledge require to be made a subject of laudation? The treasure of miscellaneous instruction contained in the work of Chambers is beyond all price [Thank you, Mr Critic!], and there are thousands in England, Scotland, and elsewhere who have been drawing from this store for several years past. The "Information for the People" is now brought within the Welshman's reach in his native tongue, so that he likewise may participate in the same privilege and pleasure. The first part is highly interesting: it leads the reader to contemplate the wonderful works of God in the heavens and earth. It offers a vast amount of instruction, more valuable than much silver or gold! The language is chaste, elegant, and intelligible. The translator is in every respect worthy of the author. The paper and printing are good—an honour to the Pwllheli printing establishment. Surely such a work as this will meet with a hearty welcome and extensive circulation.'

Mr Edwards, in undertaking his costly speculation, seems to have found it necessary to bespeak the favourable consideration and assistance of a number of distinguished Welsh divines, who obligingly furnished him with their testimonies to the general utility of the work. These certificates of character, as they may be called, are printed in Welsh inside the cover, and may be supposed to carry with them a due degree of weight among the ancient Cymry. A few passages, translated, may be given, for the sake of showing that the clergy of the Principality are fully alive to the value of general secular knowledge within the range of their professional duties. The Rev. Isaac Jenkins, St David's College, says:—'Such a work is greatly needed in the Welsh language; and as one who loves his country, and desires the improvement of its inhabitants in all useful knowledge, I can do no less than wish that every facility may be given for placing this excellent work before them. The undertaking is arduous and weighty; but I hope that sufficient sympathy and co-operation will be manifested so as to encourage the publisher. Failure in such an attempt would be a great dishonour to our nation, as well as give room for further reproach from our neighbours.' The Rev. Arthur Jones, D. D., Bangor, observes:—'I am surprised and delighted that there is a prospect of the Welsh acquiring the elements of knowledge necessary to all men and women. The work in question will enrich our nation; and as it will gradually reach every neighbourhood, all, both old and young, even children, by practising economy, may possess the treasures it contains; and by it may cultivate their abilities in a very high degree.' The following, from the Rev. Lewis Edwards, M. A., at Balla, is

still more pointed:—'I am exceedingly glad to find that "Chambers's Information for the People" is to be translated. Works such as this are what the Welsh require, not to the exclusion of religious, but in addition to all the theological works already in circulation amongst them.'

The last sentiment in the above conveys what has all along been a prevailing principle in the production of these sheets: they are not intended to exclude religious culture from the general concerns of life, but to impart what is properly additional to religion. Whether the diffusion of the 'Information' in Welsh will be as serviceable as is indulgently supposed, we have no means of judging. That any necessity should have existed for the translation, is exceedingly to be lamented. Not even the gratification of seeing the work in this new character can lessen the pain of knowing that a large section of the people still use a language—ancient and copious, no doubt, but calculated, we fear, to retard their social progress. That until the middle of the nineteenth century, the Celtic tongue, in its varieties of Gaelic, Welsh, Irish, and Manx, should be employed as a vernacular, is matter not less of surprise than of national discredit. Who has been to blame for this scandal—the civil government, the church, or the people? Perhaps all three. No thought appears to have been bestowed on the fact, that large masses of the population were isolated from general progress on account of their inability to speak English. And for this neglect, with other circumstances of misusage, how conspicuously has the nation at large suffered! One thing, however, must be said for the Welsh, that under all the disadvantages of a local tongue, they have not languished as a people, nor become burdensome to their Anglo-Saxon neighbours. Failings they have, but a disposition to live by begging is not among the number. A plodding race they are, and, as respects a living literature, they go very far ahead of their Celtic brethren in Scotland or Ireland. The very circumstance of their attempting the enterprise which has suggested these remarks, is significant of an energy of character which we should in vain look for in the Highlands, where Celtic newspapers and periodicals have never met with that degree of encouragement necessary for their permanent establishment.

LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE newspapers give the following copy of a letter just received by Mr John Clark, yeoman of Tinsbury, near Romsey, Hants. The writer—William Battin—was formerly shepherd in Mr Clark's employ, and emigrated to New Zealand about six years since. The simple, unadorned narrative of New Zealand life, which the letter furnishes us with, will doubtless be interesting to our readers:—

NEW PLYMOUTH, NEW ZEALAND, April 30, 1848.

I think that I can now say that the settlement is likely to do well, as the government have purchased from the natives every mile of rich ground, and the settlers that have been so long deprived of their land are now allowed to choose land from the district. The whole of Taranaki is well supplied with springs and fine rivers of good water; plenty of fish and wild ducks. The greatest produce of the land hitherto has been wheat, of which we have very excellent sorts. The finest wheat that can be sold is 1.8 per load; barley, 6s. per bushel; oats, 6s.; potatoes 1.2 per ton. The settlement has been very low, and the settlers in general badly off; but even then the labouring-classes were much better off than the labouring-classes in England. But now, thank God, we have got the boot on the other leg, and every settler has plenty; in none but the miserable huts of drunksards can the inmates say they ever know a banyan day. It is just five years two months and ten days since I landed here, and have been

* In the original—'Da iawn gennyf weled bod "Chambers's Information for the People," i gael ei cyfieithu; Llyfrau fel hyn sydd einlan ar y Cymry—nid i gau allan Grefydd, ond yn pŵerhaurol at yr holl Lyfrau duwinyddol sydd eisoes yn ein iaith.'

just three years and twenty days independent on my own free land; and if John and Thomas had come with me, they might have been just as well off, and for three years have been lords of splendid harvests. I have moved from Pokokeps, and am now at Pegrikurik. I have a large two-storey house, with eight rooms, convenient for every purpose. I have the best garden in the place, containing two acres, and rise everything to an amazing size. I have the largest and most convenient barn in the settlement. I have this year about 400 bushels of wheat, a few of barley and maize. I raise yearly about 50 tons of potatoes, very large, and about 1000 tons of Swedes, and about 300 cabbages from 10 to 40 lbs. each, and a great quantity of fruit and flowers and other vegetables in abundance. I have also ten good hogs, and often twenty. Bacon, pork, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, fish, and such-like, very plentiful. I have firewood enough to last my house a century, and burn on the land thousands of loads to disencumber. Two bushels of seed wheat to the acre is the regular go; the fern land produces thirty bushels to the acre; and the bush land in general about fifty. Mine is all timber land, and my place will bear inspection by any person. In May is the best season to sow wheat, and might be continued till August, and harvest in January and February.

The winters here are very much like a cold wet summer in England. I have only three times seen ice as thick as common window-glass, no snow, and very little white frost. This is, I think, the finest climate in the whole world; neither myself nor one of my family have ever known a day's illness since we left England. I am now forty-eight years two months and a few days old. I appear twenty years younger to look on than when I left. My eldest son William is about to purchase for himself 200 acres of land, entirely by his own savings. Here is a chance for every one. The natives are beginning to raise wheat in abundance, and have several mills to grind corn in several parts of the country at their own expense; they have (the greatest part of them) embraced Christianity, and are becoming very civilised.

The missionary stations are about forty miles apart, and many of them quite in the desert, amongst the natives only, and have to travel and preach twenty miles each way; and it is surprising how the minds of the most savage tribe—those that have been making war—are now beginning to be very humble. Those about us are very civil and honest. They work just land enough to keep them: it is not one acre out of 1,000,000. There wants now, in this district of Taranakie, 100,000 emigrants. People starving in England, and millions of rich, willing land here useless—such easy-working land, that any man can throw out twenty sacks of potatoes in one day. The town of New Plymouth is situated by the sea-side, and is laid out in straight streets, two miles long, and one mile across, with a belt at the back, side, and ends, containing a large new hospital, many small farms, and much waste land. The town at present is but scattering—most of the houses built of timber. The church is built of stone, about three times the size of that at Timesbury. The Wesleyan chapel is built of stone; also a strong unoccupied prison built of stone. Here is no clay fit for brickmaking, but plenty of stone of all sorts and sizes. Along the beach, the river runs over amazing beds of pebbles for many miles. Fresh-water eels are often caught, ten, twelve, and twenty lbs. each. The settlers are scattered out wide. At the Omri there is a church built with timber, and a Primitive chapel. Sabbath schools are kept on, as in England. Wild fowls are plentiful, and it is every one's own fault if they do not sleep on beds of down. Half a mile in front of the sea the land is sandy, bearing saving crops; further in it is black mould—no stones. Oxen want no grass; horses want no shoes; one share point will last six months. Beneath the black mould it is brown earth—wants subsoiling.

The timber and big bush is cut down in a rough way, lying six months, when the fire burns all up clean, except logs and stumps. The wheat is sown and scraped in, in a rough and light manner, and without grubbing. A crop of fifty bushels to the acre is pretty sure. It is not a very good country at present for sheep, although here is no fly or maggot, and sheep fatten fast, and some have good fleece. All cattle here are in good condition. Cattle here increase fast, as no calves are killed, and ship-loads arrive from New Holland. All that will may have cows, and at the cattle station there are about 300. Here is some horses, but the work is mostly done by oxen. The hours for labouring-men are from seven till five. The price for

thrashing is 8s. per quarter. There are four thrashing-machines here; but the slow pace of the oxen, and reckoning all hire, brings the price to 12s. the quarter. Corn thrashes better than in England. Men might earn very high wages, but very few can get their heads off their downy pillows till the sun is three hours in the sky. Thank God! I can rise most mornings to salute the opening dawn. Almost every one has land, and is half independent. There are no soldiers; but we have a police of about twenty men, drilled to the musket like soldiers. There are no natives more than about three miles inland, except when wandering about, which is common.

Here is no manner of wild beasts, no serpents or reptile; no manner of vermin but rats; no thorns or thistles. You might travel barefoot, lie down and sleep in any part of the wilderness, without the least danger. Amongst the thousands of birds, I have never seen one like one I saw in England, except hawks. The small green parrot, with red heads, are the only birds that hurt the corn. Amongst the many sorts of wood, I have never seen one sort like any I ever saw in England: it is astonishing the size and height of the timber. The hen bark is nearly as good and equal to oak for tanning. In many places is found red, white, yellow, brown, and black ochre, very soft and fine, and fit for making paint. The mines are not yet worked, and the Cornish miners have all left for other settlements, being useless here. In sinking a well, close to a town, was found some metal, and tried by Mr Woods, a goldsmith, and proved to be hard silver. No chalk or limestone is yet discovered in Taranakie. Money has for a long time been scarce, and most of the business is done by barter. Flour is sold by the dozen pounds, and it is 1s. 6d. per dozen for the best, and 1s. 4d. for seconds; it has been as high as 6s. per dozen. Many ship-loads of flour is sent to Auckland and Port Nicholson, where it fetches about double the price. The highest price for butter of good quality is 1s. per lb.; inferior 10d. Pork, best quality, at dear shops, 3d. per lb.; other shops, 2d. I and many others kill our own. All clothing is about double the price as in England, also iron work. Millers, shopkeepers, blacksmiths, and carpenters, are making their fortunes, and I have no room myself to complain. I hope every kind gentleman in England will try and get my nephew William Battin sent to New Plymouth, Berkshire, and ship for New Plymouth. The wheat is cut after the Cornish fashion, with large ewing hooks, and I my own-self can cut and bind a full acre in a day of stout wheat. He need not bring any reap hooks. Here are four breweries, and hops have sold at 10s. per lb. I have not spent one penny on any kind of spirits, or at a public-house, for more than four years, thank God. I and my children are safe and happy as larks. It is not certain whether the Topo mountain is burning now or not, but it is certain that a river of boiling water issues from it, wherein much cooking is done. There is no smell or bad taste from it. Topo is the native name of the mountain. The district of Taranakie is fifty miles across, and is the native name of the mountain from whence the district takes its name. There are wild pigs by legions, half fat. As the climate is good, and soil rich, very little art is required for farming. Holloway and his family is left, and gone to New South Wales, but writes to Gibbons to say he is coming back, for there is no place like Taranakie. Here in the summer the singing-flies charm the country. I have seen some of the cannibal ovens; they are pits about 6 feet square, and 2½ feet deep, and contain about three cart-loads of stones, which, when heated, cooked two or three large bodies at a time. All that is totally done away with now. Bees are increasing fast; I have six stocks at present, and intend keeping forty standing stocks. Bees gather the whole year, and can take the honey at any time; they gather about 5 lbs. of honey a month throughout the year: honey and wax is about the same quality as that of Hampshire: honey is selling at 2s. per lb., and wax at 5s. Two mills are said to be finished in a month, one having two water-wheels driving three pair of stones, the other with one, driving two pair. The price of sawing timber is reduced from 20s. to 10s. per 100 feet—300 feet a day's work for a pair of sawyers. Sawyers and shoemakers have been making money rapidly. Carpenters' wages have risen from 5s. to 6s. per day. At the commencement of the settlement, very few thought of anything but extravagant living, fine dressing, and the grog-shops; but when the Company's high prices were over, they were forced to alter, and get land for a living, and the money that had been thrown

away as with a shovel was then wanted. I worked out eight acres of land at earning 10s. a day. I have an entire free estate, sufficient for every comfort in life; and if John and Thomas could but once see what I have gained by coming to New Zealand, what chain could hold them in England?

It is said that emigration is going on, and I hope it is true, and hope that my nephew will pluck up courage and come; I should be pretty sure to meet him when he and his family lands; but if I should not, he must inquire for 'Goshen House' or 'Noah's Ark.'

The sands here are proved to be the best of iron, and Mr Price is about to erect a foundry. Ships are now taking loads of potatoes to Sydney, where the wholesale price is now L8 per ton. Earthquakes are not felt often; I have felt but two heavy shocks for two years. It appears there have been two great earthquakes, as the land in some places is broken in pieces: one appears to have been 2000 years ago; the other must have been in very ancient days.

I cannot learn by any of the most ancient natives that there was ever anything like dearth or famine in this isle. There have been eruptions at the big mountains, and millions of tons of stones and massy rocks are thrown out, either by fire or water.

The postage of letters from England is 8d.; if to Sydney or Adelaide first, it is 11d.

Public-house licences till ten o'clock, L30; and twelve o'clock, L40 a year. Only two shops of that kind in this place. My eldest daughter has been married some months. The natives are all married by the missionaries, and the old-fashioned way of knocking their heads together is done away with.

There have been wars in different parts of the island, and some soldiers and settlers killed; but it is in peace now, and we have never had any wars, although we have once been threatened by the natives of the Topo tribe. The natives of this place prepared, as well as us, to attack them; all we could muster was eight pieces of cannon, some guns, and twenty muskets. The news soon reached Port Nicholson; the government brig happened to be there, which sailed immediately with a supply of arms and ammunition for us. A native went to spy, and in a month returned, saying a young man, a sort of prince, had shot himself playing with his gun: the whole tribe went to bury and bewail him; meantime a missionary found his way to them, telling them the white people meant them no harm, and if they did go, it was likely their heads would be taken off and sent to England to be made sport of. Not liking these thoughts, they thanked the missionary, and returned to Topo, leaving us in peace; however, a part of the same tribe have since made war with the settlers and soldiers at Zouganese, but being beaten, are again returned to Topo.

Here there is no turnip-fly, but the grasshoppers are very destructive to all late-sown crops.

This settlement of New Plymouth has been for some time like an infant without a friend: it seemed like no man's land, belonging to neither government nor company; but since his excellency Governor Grey has visited, and seeing it a paradise, and a good corn and cattle district, although no harbour for shipping, he is very desirous to put and encourage it forward; and, with the good industry of the settlers, this will be the best settlement in the south. The summers are not so hot as in England; the weather has been very fine this last twelve months; the thunder here is little, and very mild and gentle.—From your well-wisher,
WILLIAM BATTIN.

'SIX DAYS SHALT THOU LABOUR.'

It seems generally to escape observation that the fourth commandment as effectually enjoins *work* during the six days of the week as it does *rest* on the seventh. This double meaning is alluded to as follows in the Cape Literary Magazine. 'It is asked somewhere in the Talmud—"The wealthy of many countries, whereby are they deserv-ing of becoming rich?" Samuel, the son of Yosi, replies, "Because they honour the Sabbath." Samuel, the son of Yosi, if I might presume to put another construction upon thy answer, I would say, "Because they keep the fourth commandment." Let not the idle vagabond, who rests on the Sabbath and on the six days also, upbraid the Lord and say, "I keep the Sabbath holy, and yet am poor." Poor thou art, poor thou wilt be, and poor thou deservest

to be; for though thou keep the Sabbath never so holy, unless thou work six days out of the seven, thou break-est the fourth commandment, and canst never attain to wealth, to health, and to happiness. This is the doctrine which I proclaim, and maintain, upon Scriptural authority; and if that suffices not, go to yonder bloated, gouty cox-comb, who, upon a bed of down, feels his foot in a lake of fire; the mere moving of his footstool is a volcano to him, and the ringing of the bell by his physician's footman is an earthquake. Had he kept the commandment, not only on the seventh, but on the six days, he might have thrown physic to the dogs, and left me to seek another illustration of my moral.'

BEN AND LOCH LOMOND.

STILL sleeps Loch Lomond by her mountain side,
And still within her bosom's placid deep,
The image of her lord her waters keep,
In all the freshness of a first love's pride.

Grief hath not scar'd them, time cannot divide,
Youth hath not fled: as beautiful are they,
As when the morning of creation's day

Saw them first joined, a bridegroom and a bride.

Nature, unchanged, still meets the gazer's eye;
The hills are still as dark, the skies as blue,
But vainly fancy wouldst thou now descry

The waving tartan's many-coloured hue;
Vainly wouldst listen for the pibroch's cry;
Man and his works: these things have passed by.

F. P.

TEMPERANCE IN WINE COUNTRIES.

My observations in France, as well as in Germany and Italy, satisfy me that the people in wine-growing countries are much more temperate than in the North of Europe and in America. The common wines which are used on the soil that produces them do not intoxicate, but nourish, forming a large item indeed in the *pabulum* of the peasant. When he goes out to his daily toil he carries with him a loaf of coarse black bread, and a canteen of wine, and these refresh and sustain him: he rarely tastes meat, butter, or cheese. This *vin ordinaire* makes a part of his breakfast, of his dinner, and of his evening meal; and costs him perhaps two or three cents a bottle, if he purchase it. It is the juice of the grape, not deriving its body or taste from an infusion of spirit and a skilful combination of drugs, as in our country, but from the genial soil and beneficent sun. The truth of what I have here said is supported by the general remark, that drunkenness is but seldom seen in France; and when it is, it does not proceed from the use of the common wine which enters so largely into the sustenance of the peasantry and common people, but from brandy and foreign wines; particularly the first, to the allurements of which the hard-worked and closely-confined mechanics, artisans, and dense factory populations of the capital and large towns are particularly exposed. I am obliged to believe that the use on the soil of any native wines in any country is conducive to health, cheerfulness, and temperance; and I am as equally convinced that all foreign wines are injurious in all these respects. Hence the bad effects of the wines imported and used in England and America.—*Darbin's Observations on Europe.*

RE-VACCINATION.

1st, Every individual is susceptible of vaccination; 2d, Re-vaccination is not necessary before puberty; 3d, The system undergoes a change at puberty, and re-vaccination is then necessary; 4th, Vaccination is a sure preventive of small-pox; 5th, Re-vaccination is a sure preventive of varioloid; 6th, The third vaccination is inert; 7th, The system is susceptible of varioloid after puberty, whenever the individual is exposed to small-pox, without re-vaccination; 8th, Re-vaccination is not necessary if the first operation was performed since puberty; 9th, Those who disregard vaccination are always liable to small-pox, whenever exposed to the influence of that dreadful disease; 10th, If every individual were vaccinated before puberty, and re-vaccinated at that revolution of the system, there would be no such disease existing as small-pox.—*Substance of a paper in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 30 Argyll Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.